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humility. 'What's my will! Why what's that to you—do you want a legacy? Come, get supper, sirrah,' says I; and seeing as how he was an ignorant Scotch lump of a fellow, and didn't know nothing, I determined to have a little sport with him. So when he came in again, says I, 'Pray, my little fellow, what's o'clock?' 'It will be half ten, sir,' he replied. 'Half ten, sirrah; is it but five?' 'No, sir, it's half an hour from ten.' 'And what is half an hour from ten? Is it half an hour after nine, or half an hour past ten?' 'I only meant to say it will be half an hour after nine.'

"Asy, my darling," said an Irishman in company, "maybe your thravels have been printed afore; or you've helped yourself to a leaf from Captain Grose." "Pon my honour, this here adventure did happen to me; and if it didn't may I *never* stir no more from this here spot." "Never mind it, my dear; but take an Irishman's advice. When you tell a story, *invint*, but never *borrow*; when you write, let your pen be a diamond, and use the sun for an ink-bottle; och, my jewel, *invintion* is the thing! I'll tell you a story that will just give you a bit of an idea of what I mean.

"Once upon a time," said Paddy, and his face was lightened with a smile, "once upon a time, my darlings, and it's not very long ago, an Irishman, and a friend of my own, took it into his head that he would leave his master dear, and try a *better country*. I do not mean to say that a better country there is under the whole face of heaven; but times are bad, and many a dacent man thinks he might get a better bit and sup by *emigration*, than he can get in his own dear country. His master sent for him, and he says, mighty sharp, 'Well, Thady, what's this I hear about you?'

"Och, my jewel, you can hear nothing about me, but myself, and I'm not speaking."

"But you are going away, Thady, you are going away, they say."

"You may say that, sir, for I'm two stone lighter than when I came to you."

"But what's taking you away, Thady?"

"Just my own feet and legs, dear!"

"You are very short with me this morning, Thady."

"Why, then, I think I'm as long as I was yesterday. But, master dear, I'm going to *Amerikay*, to get a bit o' land for myself and Judy, and where we'll can get praties for the childer just for the digging, and have a sweet little cabin of our own, far in the woods, and the never a morsel o' *rent* to pay!"

"But, Thady, are you not afraid of the *blackamoor* wild Indians that live in the woods? They will come down some dark night and *tomahawk* you!"

"Afraid! is it an Irishman afraid? They *tummyhawk* me! There's not a man among them all could play long bullets with my brother Phelamy, and show me one o' them could touch me at the first fifteen! But sure, master dear, I would not know one o' them from Adam when I *seen* them."

"Och, Thady, they are wild-looking black rascals, and you had better stay at home than venture among them."

"Stay at home, is it? Arrah, my dear, poor Thady has no home to go to, for the landlord put poor Judy out for three and sixpence, and now I'll stay no longer here. Och! sweet Mulligan, sweet Mulligan, and the days o' my youth, when I was fed like a fighting-cock, and Judy was my darling, and the world was light and easy on us! It was then that we had the great big noggins o' broth for dinner, instead o' the crabbed, pock-marked praties that the pigs in Mullingar wouldnt eat, and butter-milk as thin and sour as *crame* o' *thartar*! Farewell, master dear, and may God Almighty be wid yeas all!"

"So over the salt seas poor Thady went, and Judy, that never had been on the rowling ocean before, now saw nothing at all at all for weeks but the green sea and blue sky. Och, but its myself could discourse about the sea and the sky! how the whales, and the dolphins, and the sharks rowle in the water, and the pretty stars, and the moon, and the sun look down upon the coral beds at the bottom o' the sea, and when the wind begins to blow like mad, and the waves go up, and then go down, and the sails are torn into shreds with a noise like thunder, and

the masts go by the board, and there's ten feet water in the hold, and the ship is sucked down into the bubbling sea, and just before it goes down, men, women, and children send up one dreadful scream that rises above the blast, and pierces the very gate of heaven! There's description for you!

"But Thady arrived safe in Quebec, with Judy and the children, and then off they trudged into the woods, to try and get a bit of land to settle on. Some Irish neighbours helped him to get up a cabin to shelter the family, and he says to one of them, 'Where do thim *blackamoor* negur Indians live, that I heerd about in our own country?'

"Och, beyant there in the woods."

"And Corny, tell me, have you ever seen any o' them?"

"Seen them! To be sure I have, there's scores o' them in the woods, black, ugly devils they are!"

"And what makes them black, Corny? Sure, couldnt the dirty cratures keep themselves Christian white?"

"Its the climate they say, but what the climate is myself doesn't know. Something they rub on them when they are young."

"The dirty heathen brutes! But sure they must have the stuff plenty among them—I wish we had some of it, and I would rub little Barney with it, for an *experiment*."

"From that day forward, Thady was very eager to see a *blackamoor* Indian. One day roaming the woods with his hatchet in his hand, he saw a quare looking trout reclining at his ease on the green sod. Thady was sure he had now clapped his eyes on one of them, and coming up, "Musha," says he, "bud I never seen one o' your sort afore—why, man, you'll get your death o' *could* lying there!"

"The wild man of the woods looked up. "Queen o' glory what a nose! They may talk o' Loughy Fudagh-hen's nose, but by the powers, your nose beats the noses of all the Fudaghens put together! Get up, like a good fellow; I've an odd tester left, and if there was a sheebeen near, I'd give you a snifterer."

"The quare chap did get up, but my jewel, he appeared disposed to try a fall with Thady. 'And is it for wrestling you are? Cushendall for that—but stop, aghra, you grip too tight—take your fist out o' my shoulder, or I'll have an unfair *houl* o' you! Oh! bad luck to you, and the taylor that made your clothes, he has left no waistband on your breeches—oh, murder, murder, you're the jewel of a squeezer!' But Thady contrived to get his tobacco knife out, and gave him a *prod* in the right place, and down he fell, to rise no more. "Oh, murder, murder, I've *kilt* one o' them *blackamoor* blackguards! I'll be hanged, as I'm a living man, I'll be hanged—och, why did I leave ould Ireland! Poor Judy and the childer will see me die an unnatural death for this *blackamoor* thief! Och hone, och hone, what will I do, what will I do!" A neighbour in the woods came up. "And what ails you, Thady, you roar like a bull in a bog." "Och, och, but I'm a sorrowful man this blessed day! I just gave one o' them thieves a prod, and there he is." "Mercy on us, Thady, that's a bear, that ten men couldnt kill!" "Musha, is that a bear? By the powers, I'll drop them to you for a tester the dozen!"

Mr. Penny Journal, I have taken this method to entrap you into an acknowledgment that the story in your first number is borrowed from this one, the raw material of which belongs to Mr. Kennedy of Lurgan.

Nobody.

A STRANGE LORD CHANCELLOR.

Lord Northington, remarkable for his profligate and brutal manner of expressing himself on all occasions, which had procured for him the nick-name of Surly Bob, being at the point of death, exclaimed, "I'll be hanged if I am not dying!" During his sickness, his wife, daughter, and some female relations, coming to ask the state of his health, could not refrain from weeping; on which, in a passion, he roared out to his nurse, "turn out all those snivelling brats except Bridget!" the lady distinguished by this delicate preference was his daughter, Lady Bridget Lane.

During the same illness, he sent for the Duke of Chandos, then Marquis of Caernarvon, a man of great piety

who though surprised at the message, waited upon him, and begged to be honoured with his lordship's commands. "I sent for you," says Bob, "to beg you to recommend to me some able parson, whose advice I might safely take in regard to the necessary settlements respecting the future welfare of my soul, which I fear will be shortly ejected from my body." "My lord," replied the Marquis, "I am surprised at the question; as chancellor, your lordship has had the disposal of much church preferment, which doubtless you always bestowed on pious and deserving persons. For example, what do you think of Dr. T—t?" "Oh! name him not," loudly exclaimed the quondam chancellor, "that is one of my crying sins; I shall certainly be condemned were it only for making that fellow a dean!"

On his death bed he ordered his gardener to cut down some clumps of trees, purely, as it is said, because they were agreeable to his son. The gardener willing to worship the rising sun, neglected to do it, expecting every moment the death of his old master. He, inquiring whether his commands had been obeyed, and being answered in the negative, easily conceived the gardener's motive for disobedience, and sending for him up into his chamber, thus addressed him: "So, you brute, you have not done as I ordered you; you think I am going: so I am, you ugly monster; but you shall go first; strip him," said he, to some of his attendants, "and kick him out of the house."

MANAGEMENT OF LAND.

The attention of every farmer should now be given to get his stubble lands ploughed, destroying the root weeds, and laying it into such sized ridges, as will keep it dry during the winter. Where the quantity of land is small, and any of the family able to work, this will be more advantageously done with the spade. Land that lies on the slope of a hill, should not be ploughed directly up and down, as that exposes the best of the soil and manure to be washed away by heavy rain. The man who ploughs and cleans his land before Christmas, will have leisure the following spring and summer to sow all his crops in the early part of their several seasons, by which he will not only have the best chance for a good crop, but he will gain time to attend to his fences, and ditches, and many other things now, so much to their own loss, neglected by small farmers. Root weeds should not be suffered to remain; wherever they are met, they should be raised and carried off, to bottom the dung heap; turning up the land at this season and before winter, is very destructive of worms and grubs, by their exposure to frost; in short the advantages of winter ploughing are so many, that if all the farmers, large and small, would reflect on them, they would make every exertion to have their land ploughed before Christmas.—*Cottager's Friend*.

COBBETTS-COTTAGE ECONOMY.

FOWLS.—It is perhaps seldom that fowls can be kept conveniently about a cottage; but when they can, three, four, or half-a-dozen hens to lay in winter, when the wife is at home the greater part of the time, are worth attention. They would require but little room, might be bought in November and sold in April, and six of them, with proper care, might be made to clear every week the price of a gallon of flour. If the labour were great I should not think of it; but it is none; and I am for neglecting nothing in the way of pains, in order to insure a hot dinner every day in winter when the man comes home from work. As to the *fattening* of fowls, information can be of no use to those who live in a cottage all their lives; but it may be of some use to those that are born in cottages, and go to have the care of poultry in richer persons' houses. Fowls should be put to fat about a fortnight before they are wanted to be killed. The best food is barley-meal wetted with milk, but not wetted too much. They should have clear water to drink, and it should be frequently changed.

DUCKS.—Water, to swim in, is necessary to the old and *injurious* to the very young. They never should be suffered to swim (if water be near) till *more than a month*

old. The old duck will lay in the year, if well kept, ten dozen of eggs; and that is her best employment; for common hens are the best mothers. It is not good to let young ducks out in the morning to eat *slugs* and *worms*; for, though they like them, these things kill them if they eat a great quantity. Grass, corn, white cabbages, and lettuces, and especially buck-wheat, cut, when half ripe, and flung down in the haulm, make fine ducks. Ducks will feed on garbage, and all kinds of filthy things; but their flesh is *strong* and bad in proportion. They are, in Long Island, fattened upon a coarse sort of *crab*, called a horsefoot fish, prodigious quantities of which are cast on the shores. The young ducks grow very fast upon this, and very fat; but woe to him that has to *smell* them when they come from the spit; and, as for *eating* them, a man must have a stomach indeed to do that! When young, they should be fed upon barley-meal, or *cwads*, and kept in a warm place in the night time, and not let out *early* in the morning. They should, if possible, be kept from water to *swim* in. It always does them harm; and, if intended to be sold to be killed *young*, they should never go near ponds, ditches, or streams.

MILK.—As to the pretended *unwholesomeness* of milk in certain cases; as to its not being adapted to *some constitutions*, I do not believe one word of the matter. When we talk of the *fruits*, indeed, which were formerly the chief food of a great part of mankind, we should recollect that those fruits grew in countries that had a *sun* to *ripen* the fruits, and to put nutritious matter in them. But, as to *milk*, England yields to no country upon the face of the earth. Neat cattle will touch nothing that is not wholesome in its nature; nothing that is not wholly innocuous. Out of a pail that has ever had grease in it they will not drink a drop, though they be raging with thirst. Their very breath is fragrance. And how, then, is it possible that unwholesomeness should distil from the udder of a cow? The milk varies, indeed, in its quality and taste, according to the variations in the nature of the food; but no food will a cow touch that is in any way hostile to health. Feed young puppies upon *milk from the cow*, and they will never die of that ravaging disease called "*the distemper*." In short, to suppose that milk contains any thing essentially unwholesome is monstrous. When, indeed, the appetite becomes vitiated; when the organs have been long accustomed to food of a more stimulating nature; when it has been resolved to eat ragouts at dinner, and drink wine, and to swallow "a devil" and a glass of strong grog at night; then milk for breakfast may be "*heavy*" and disgusting, and the feeder may stand in need of tea or laudanum, which differ only as to degrees of strength. But, and I speak from the most ample experience, milk is not "*heavy*," nor much less is it *unwholesome*, when he who uses it rises early, never swallows strong drink, and never *stuffs* himself with flesh of any kind. Many and many a day I scarcely taste of meat, and then chiefly at *breakfast*, and that, too, at an earlier hour. Milk is the natural food of *young people*; if it be too rich, *skim* it again and again till it be not too rich. This is an evil easily cured. If you have now to *begin* with a family of children, they may not like it at first. But, *persevere*; and the parent who does not do this, having the means in his hands, shamefully neglects his duty. A son who prefers a "devil" and glass of grog to a haunch of bread and a bowl of cold milk, I regard as a pest; and for this pest the father has to thank himself.

ANECDOTE.

Mr. Caulfield, an Irishman, being appointed to succeed General Wade in superintending the making of new roads in the Highlands after the rebellion of 1745, wrote, in compliment to his predecessor,

"Had you but seen these roads before they were made,
You'd have held up your hands and blessed General Wade!"

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